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A Human Flower Garden, Formed by 6,000 Little Girls in One of the Alexandropol Orphanages. Saved from Starvation and Worse by the Near East Relief. In this Orphanage, a Missionary of the W. B. M., Miss Myrtle O. Shane, has been in charge since 1919. Miss Shane is supported by Suffolk Branch. (See page 48.)

# Life and Light

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No. 2

## The Object of Missionary Education

A Message from the Congregational World Movement

**N**OT a little is being said and written just now about Missionary Education. The Congregational World Movement is stressing it and many churches are planning for a School of Missions and other means of educating Christian people concerning missions. All the leading Protestant denominations are engaged in a similar undertaking. What is it all for?

In the first place, Missionary Education means information and knowledge as to how people outside of our own narrow range of thought and activity are living, what they are thinking about, what are their standards and ideas of excellence, what they suffer, what they hope for; in short, the entire scope of their thought and life. It is surprising how many among us are ignorant concerning the actual life of the world even outside their own community. We often hear it said that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives, which is probably far short of the actual truth in this respect.

Secondly, Missionary Education, if it be adequate and thoroughgoing, is sure to awaken the interest and sympathy of those who are informed. The *New York Times* for many years has published, at the Christmas season, a list of one hundred needy cases, and has described with painstaking care the situation and need of each one of these cases. This information is carried into thousands and even hundreds of thousands of homes. People's interest and sympathy are awakened, they are deeply interested in the needs of this or that case, and their own minds and hearts are enlarged and benefited thereby.

But, thirdly, the object of Missionary Education fails of its consummate flower and fruitage if it does not result in enlarged gifts for the sake of those about whom we learn. Information and knowledge, interest and sympathy are the soil in which the act of generosity may be hopefully nurtured. They make possible generous and enlarged giving. They are what the prepared and enriched field is in the springtime. If, however, no effort is made to bring out of the interest and information and sympathy and knowledge the proper manifestation, they will be of no more value than the field made ready for the sowing of the seed but left to be reclaimed by the weeds and elements.

There need be no hesitancy in emphasizing the informing and enlarging aspect of Missionary Education. Information is valuable, and enlargement of view, breadth of vision and depth of sympathy are very much needed and have their appropriate values; but there should be no disposition to permit Missionary Education to stop with only these benefits. In the instance of some churches and individuals it is likely to do so, for the reason that no urgent appeal is made to secure enlarged gifts and no decisions are reached to make such gifts.

J. E. McCONNELL.

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## Editorials

It was a pleasure to welcome as one of the speakers at the Friday meeting in Pilgrim Hall, January 6, Miss Susan R. Searle, president emeritus of Kobe College, who had been spending the holidays with friends in Brookline and who delayed leaving for Florida in order to render this service. She gave an illuminating talk on the "Coming Japanese Woman." Dr. Barton's informal report of his recent visit to China, under the title "America's Best for China," was much appreciated by the large audience which comes from a radius of forty miles around Boston to attend this well-known monthly meeting of the Woman's Board. Mrs. Theodore S. Lee led the New Year's devotional service.

### Personals.



Miss Lillian L. Picken sailed from New York December 31, returning to the Marathi Mission, where she will take up evangelistic work in Satara. Miss Picken, it will be recalled, has been adopted by the church in White Plains, N. Y., in place of Mrs. Theodore Lee. A very beautiful farewell communion service was held in the church just before Miss Picken sailed.

Mrs. Alice Browne Frame, after several months of speaking in the Union College Campaign, sailed from San Francisco, January 14, with her little daughter, Rosamond, to resume her work at Yenching College, Peking. Dr. and Mrs. Frank C. Laubach and their young son, Robert, returned to Cagayan, the Philippines, on the same boat.

Mrs. A. W. Stanford of Kobe has acceded to the earnest request of the Mission that she return, and is booked to sail February 7 from San Francisco.

Dr. Harriet E. Parker sailed January 7 from New York, returning to the hospital in Madura before the end of her furlough because of changes in the staff there. She is followed by the earnest prayers and good wishes of a host of friends, old and new, many of whom she has met at the more than a hundred meetings where she has made addresses in her brief furlough.

"I had to get back into foreign missionary work for it's the biggest thing in the world," declared a young woman who had

**A Great  
Interdenomina-  
tional  
Conference**

been for a time engaged in a different form of service. Certainly, those who were privileged to attend the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, January 11-13, felt that big business was being transacted by this body of missionary experts representing sixty-two Boards and societies in the United States and Canada. These meetings, usually at Garden City, were this year held in one of the large hotels at Atlantic City and the three days were crowded full of reports, discussions, papers on vital themes, business of various kinds and devotional periods. The first morning was memorable because of the presentation of the educational needs of the peoples of Equatorial Africa, given by

Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, Chairman of the Africa Educational Commission and Educational Director of the Phelps Stokes Fund, and by Professor J. E. K. Aggrey, a black member of the Commission which has spent many months of investigation in Africa. The larger part of four sessions was devoted to phases of the general theme, "The National Consciousness of the Peoples in Mission Lands and Its Effects on the Development of the Church Today." The transfer of authority from mission to native autonomy was one of the aspects of this topic most interestingly discussed by delegates from the floor. Although varied opinions were expressed, and some warnings voiced as to the rapidity of such a movement, there was a strong sentiment brought out that the time is at hand for a gradual subordination of Western leadership to the native peoples. To one who had never before attended this Conference it was a wonderful inspiration to see and hear missionaries and administrators from other Boards, as well as experts in certain fields, such as Rev. S. G. Inman, Executive Secretary of the Committee on Co-operation in Latin America; Mr. W. H. Hudson who, in his twenty-eight years in China, has dealt with three generations of Chinese Christians; Professor D. J. Fleming of Union Seminary; Mr. Robert P. Wilder of the Student Volunteer Movement; President J. Ross Stevenson of Princeton Seminary and many others. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stewart, two missionaries from China who made evening addresses, brought to the attention of the Conference the neglected field of Mongolia, resulting later in a formal vote to investigate conditions there through the Committee on Unoccupied Fields.

A. L. B.

Following the Foreign Missions Conference the Federation of Woman's Boards met in the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, January 14 and 16. The sessions were devoted to a presentation of the reports of the various Committees with practical discussion of these and other business. Each Committee illustrated its work with practical demonstrations or inspirational

Annual  
Meeting of  
Federation

speakers. Miss Laura White of China, Mrs. Edmands, wife of the International Y. M. C. A. secretary of New York, and others gave helpful addresses in these periods. Group luncheons were held for the consideration of missionary education and kindred topics under the direction of Mrs. E. C. Cronk and her Committee on Methods. Mrs. William Boyd presided at all sessions.

A remarkable luncheon at the Hotel Commodore under the auspices of the Metropolitan Committee on Union Colleges for the Orient, at which there were over 1500 guests, was enjoyed by many of the delegates on Saturday, as was a most interesting stereopticon lecture at the National Y. W. C. A. Monday evening, given by Miss Lytton, for the Joint Committee on Union Colleges. This was made doubly significant by addresses from foreign students who interpreted the needs of Chinese and Indian girls to the audience in a way nothing else could have done.

#### THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, DECEMBER 1—31, 1921

	From Branches and C. W. M.	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from In- vestments & Deposits	TOTAL
1920 .....	\$19,044.35	\$826.52	—	\$1,091.52	\$20,962.39
1921 .....	21,340.94	654.04	1,035.49	1,504.42	24,534.89
Gain .....	\$2,296.59		\$1,035.49	\$412.90	\$3,775.00
Loss .....		\$172.48			

OCTOBER 18—DECEMBER 31, 1921

1920 .....	\$27,473.45	\$1,945.58	\$13,651.97	\$1,515.70	\$44,586.70
1921 .....	35,558.61	2,393.46	9,432.60	1,977.16	49,361.83
Gain .....	\$8,085.16	\$447.88		\$461.46	\$4,775.13
Loss .....			\$4,219.37		

## Opening of Aintab Seminary

By Lucile Foreman

**D**R. and Mrs. Martin took over the N. E. R. work just after I returned in the fall and are both very busy, especially Dr. Martin, as he has also mission and college work. Miss Clark is getting the hospital ready for Dr. Shepard's return.

You know the Seminary has been N. E. R. headquarters ever since they came here, but now they have moved into the rented house which Dr. and Mrs. Martin have taken. The Marash missionaries are living here with me, and Miss Clark also takes her meals here, but will go to live with Mr. and Mrs. Isely soon. I expect to have Miss Trowbridge and Dr. Hamilton here for the winter, so we shall have a full house.

The Seminary opened on the 19th of September with forty-eight day pupils enrolled, and three native teachers. Of course, under existing circumstances, we could not open the boarding department. We have started on the curriculum planned before the great war, a five years' course. Miss Cold, Miss Rehder and Miss Reckman are all teaching, and in addition Miss Clark, Mrs. Isely and Miss Kerr are each giving a few music lessons. If they suddenly go off to Marash, I do not know what I shall do. Of course Miss Norton is coming, but both of us together cannot take all the work they are doing. Some of it will have to be given to the native teachers, which will not be as satisfactory, but unavoidable. Of course I am looking forward eagerly to Miss Norton's coming. I should have mentioned that one of the native teachers comes for half a day and teaches French only.

The school girls are enjoying basket ball and tennis under the direction of Miss Reckman, and we plan to start some special games for the younger girls. After so many years of repression, they enjoy it all so keenly. Two girls were graduated from the school last summer, during my absence, and two more are working toward that end now. I hope their desires will be consummated, but we learn to put in a great many "ifs" these days.

## A Message from a Veteran

By Miss Mary E. Andrews, Peking

I AM more thankful than I have words to express that at my age, nearly eighty-one, my eyes and ears, my throat and brain, still give me such good service. I am teaching in the Woman's College, which is one Department of the Union Peking Christian University, and also in the Bible Woman's Training School here on our own compound. I do not try to go out at all, except for meetings and classes, but I hope by saving all my strength for work, I shall be able to work on for some years yet. Yes, it is a great joy to me to think that when my own work here is done so many—both men and women—with whom I have studied God's Word will be passing on that Word for years to come.

The Chinese are well worth working for. They have some sterling qualities which we can but admire. I am very thankful to have had so many years here and if I had my life to live over again, I would still choose this great nation, or a little part of it, to work for. I have seen great changes in China in these years. A large part of our work has been laying foundations and foundations do not show for much. But the young people who are coming out now will build up the temple of the Lord and we believe it will stand firm on the foundations because they were laid with so much of God's Word and prayer.

Of course there is much to make us heartsick, so much of corruption in high places, so much of sin and suffering everywhere, but I do believe that the Lord loves China—that he has purposes of mercy for this people which he will surely carry out in his own time and way. "All China for Christ" is our motto and our prayer and so we work and pray and wait His time. I rejoice, too, in all that is being done to win China for Christ. I rejoice in our Christian schools from the kindergarten up, where so many children from heathen homes gather. They will learn of Christ, and carry what they learn—hymns and Bible verses and prayer—into those homes, and so parents will be reached.

I rejoice in the station classes, the Bible study classes, the Bible schools, where men and women gather to learn of Christ and prepare to preach and to teach His Word; in the preaching bands, too, who scatter the gospel truths all through the countryside, in the churches and Sabbath schools, in the little chapel and in the tent meetings when crowds gather to hear; in the little prayer meetings in homes and school houses; in the special work for young men; in the social service work in looking after the needy and suffering, so showing forth in a practical way the love of the Lord. And I rejoice too in the Christian homes and in the beautiful Christ-like lives of Christian men and women, in private life, and in quiet unobtrusive ways. It is all helping to bring to pass our heart's desire and prayer, "All China for Christ."

## Conditions in the Russian Caucasus

**I**N a cablegram sent by Col. W. W. Haskell, who is in charge of the American Relief Administration work in Russia, the appalling needs of the children in the orphanages are set forth. The frontispiece shows some of these waifs making their own appeal. It will be recalled that Miss Shane, our own missionary, has been engaged in this work of relief for two years, in Kars and later in Alexandropol. The cablegram says: "The American Relief Administration with the inception of its work three months ago is now feeding 750,000 starving children in the Volga Basin, and by the middle of January will be feeding in the neighborhood of 1,250,000, which is the limit of the present resources of the American Relief Administration and supporting organizations. This number of children fed should be doubled at the very least to meet the absolute minimum requirements and prevent wholesale child starvation, for the peak of the need will be reached in the months of January, February, March, and will continue till the September harvest, as the pitifully insufficient food supplies will gradually become exhausted entirely.

“I can state from direct knowledge as the result of my personal visits in Russia: First, that the need is desperate and far-reaching; second, that all relief supplies not only can but actually do reach *in toto* the children for whom they are intended. We have demonstrated through the direct operation of our kitchens now in existence from Petrograd to Astrakhan and from Moscow to the Ural Mountains that child-feeding on American principles can be efficiently carried out, only intensification by an increase of resources is required to completely meet the situation; third, we are meeting with no opposition from the Russian Government. On the contrary, they are assisting us to the best of their ability and are bearing the entire cost of operation inside of Russia. Russian people of all classes are welcoming and appreciating American aid and are co-operating to the fullest extent to make the relief of their children effective. Fourth, under the American Relief Administration system operation, one dollar and a half will feed a child for one month. These children are the hope not only of a rejuvenated Russia but of the economic reconstruction of the world.”



Day's Supply of Flour for 20,000 Orphans at Alexandropol.

A late Near East bulletin gives the following facts regarding the orphanages in Alexandropol: "In addition to the large orphanage systems of Polygon and Kazachi Post barracks, the Near East Relief has taken over three small orphanages in Alexandropol, supporting 1,261 children—670 boys and 591 girls. Alexandropol is doing its share in keeping the soup kettles boiling for the starving population of the district. The food for this soup is imported. The majority comes from America to Constantinople, and the Near East Supply Department sends supply ships up the Black Sea to Batoum and from Batoum the food is transported inland to Alexandropol. Therefore, many bushels of American corn, last year growing in the fields of America, donated by American farmers to the Near East Relief, are being cooked in the soup kettles of Alexandropol in the Caucasus, helping to feed farmers who had no seeds to plant and hence no crops. The corn has had a long trip but it certainly receives a warm welcome on this side of the water."

In a letter to her sister, dated October 30, Miss Shane tells of



Hunted Fugitives Rescued by the Near East Relief.



her return to Alexandropol, after a few weeks' rest at Constantinople. On her way back the boat stopped at Trebizond and Miss Shane received permission to go ashore. She called at the Mission House and saw Mrs. Crawford, Miss Nellie Cole, Miss Anna Daniels and Miss Gillespie, who has since come to the United States.

Miss Shane writes of the Polygon orphanage as follows: "Our boys here at the Polygon are all looking fine. The summer has done them a world of good. I am slowly getting things systematized. In each orphanage, besides managers and assistants, we have group leaders, older orphans. These group leaders see that their respective groups get to the work assigned them,—school, factory, construction, cleaning, etc. Each orphanage has its own program and we have records in my office showing what each boy is supposed to do each hour in the day. It is quite as interesting as a game of chess.

"Winters are a difficult proposition. We are hoping that we will make this one easier. Miss Silliman, formerly of Van, is doing great work along the educational lines. She has her school work beautifully organized. She is planning to leave soon for Persia for a two weeks' vacation."

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"May every soul that touches mine—  
Be it the slightest contact, get therefrom some good,  
Some little grace, one kindly thought,  
One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage  
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith  
To brave the thickening ills of life,  
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mists  
To make this life worth while,  
And heaven a surer heritage."

## A Visit to the Chvaly Orphanage

By Mrs. John S. Porter, Prague, Czechoslovakia

**I**F there is one place dearer than another to the hearts of our own church people, it is Chvaly, people coming to our city from all over Bohemia, from Moravia and from Slovakia, even before they have seen the glories of "Golden Prague," somehow find their way out to Chvaly (six miles from Prague) to inspect the orphanage, to see Miss Jehlicka, and to breathe the atmosphere of the charmed place.

So on a certain day in June, I too set out to go on a pilgrimage to Chvaly. I was invited to stay all night to see how the children eat, sleep, play and live,—to make a visit in fact,—and in proof thereof, as Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm stoutly affirmed, it was necessary for me to take my "nightgown" and also a big box of little garments which fortunately had come into my possession, some dishes, and various other things.

As we left the train at Chvaly Povernice, Preacher U., my escort, insisted on taking the box, bag and things. "I am as strong as if I were young," said he, "and this is the way they do it in America, and Brother Porter wouldn't like it at all if I let you carry anything." Only by strong persistence did I obtain possession of the umbrella and lighter bag.

After a half hour's walk we reached "the mill," though not a trace of the old mill is now to be seen except a big mill stone now set up as a table in the garden. Through the big gateway I had my first view of the made-over new buildings and—what a change! In imagination my mind went back some fifteen years and I could see, in what used to be the tiny building at the end of the court, Miss Jehlicka making a fire for the handful of little ones around her with the same thoughtful care with which she now plans for the many children in this and the Bolevec home, a branch of the orphanage near Pilsen. She also gives lectures and edits the little paper ("Pozdrav ze Chval") "Greetings from Chvaly," and she actually preaches and does many other things beside. And as we walked down the court, we remembered what

Miss Jehlicka had told us of distressingly scattered and crowded conditions, of the final decision to build, of the unexpected accommodation of foundations to the purpose, of materials obtained in time of great lack, of labor strikes which did not touch the "old mill," of threatened downpours of rain which would greatly have injured the work but which did *not* fall in Chvaly, of needed funds received, in short, of many things which showed God's good hand upon them.

A warm welcome awaited us. Almost dinner time! So we take a peek at "the roses" as the children in the house at the right of the court are called, and then go over to dine with "the lilies"—the children in the white house at the left. "Vitame Vas" (We welcome you) exclaim twenty-nine voices in chorus, each child rising to his feet as we enter the big room.

Sister Julie Stankova, a sweet-faced, capable woman in deaconess uniform (trained at the Roy Sisters institution in Slovakia) takes her place at the head of the long table while Miss Jehlicka goes over to the other house to eat with the "roses." Sister Julie asks quite a sizable blessing and then we all fall to. First a plate full of excellent hot mushroom soup or stew (the mushrooms dried, saved over from last year), for of course a dinner in this land always has soup if it has nothing else. Then one of the two girl caretakers brings in a big kettle of stewed white beans. How she managed I do not know, but with a little scraping at the end, the thirty or more plates are just filled with their due portion, and this is the dinner—nothing more. There is no whining or fussing on the part of the children, and remember that one of the rules of the house is to eat what is set before one and that there used to be "marks" on eating.

All sizes and ages and conditions of children are here, from fourteen year old Marenka down to the little Russian tot who sits in a high chair by one of the caretakers. Some of the children, born during the war, were undersized and underfed when received at the orphanage. But now most of them seem in fair physical condition. That boy down at the right of the table came



One of the Youngest.

to the home in borrowed clothes. Everything on him had to be removed and returned to the owners by those who had brought him. The plates are clean, every last bean is eaten. The children wash the dishes and make ready for school.

And now let us look over the buildings. But first, we will glance at the end of the big cupboard where on the wall are pinned various papers. Here is one—"Domaci Rad" (Household Schedule). In it is indicated an almost amusingly proper line of conduct for the entire day. Here is another which makes us think that the orphanage is modelled somewhat after the republican idea—it informs us that \_\_\_\_\_ is president, he

having perfect marks at school; that three others are his ministers, "they having very high marks"; that a list of children are working-bee members in this miniature republic; while a few others are drones in the hive. The president, a bright, intelligent looking boy, is called out for us to see, a goodly lad to look upon. Oh! Here is another document; the work schedule for the month. Each child has his part in the daily bringing of water, milk, in dish washing, cleaning all over the house and out of doors,—even the dog is cared for by one appointed. The littlest wee ones are "to eat, sleep, laugh and wipe their noses." Do you notice on leaving the room, a beautiful framed picture of lilies at the end? It is a symbol of the lives the children are to lead, growing in purity, beauty and fragrance of living which will make them a joy to all around. On the wall in the hall just outside hangs a

blackboard on which is written the text of the Sunday's sermon to help all to remember during the week. Downstairs is not only the big dining and living rooms, but also a bath room, closets and a room in which is the cupboard that contains each child's little pile of underclothes, pitifully small, but clean and nice. Upstairs are the dormitories for girls and boys on either side of the hall, with the little feather-bed covering carefully folded under a white spread on each little bed, and the care-taker's rooms.

Crossing the court you notice the one tree in the middle? The children have been praying that this tree may live and grow and it looks as if it would. Over across is the "rose family" house with pictures of roses in the living room and dormitories, just as there are lilies in the white house. In this house also are the kitchen, pantry and store rooms, a sitting room for council meetings and guests, and a dormitory for the "vlastovicky" ("the swallows," children who are about to fly away for service, schools, or apprenticeship to business.)

At the end of the court is what is called the administration building, for here Miss Jehlicka has her room and here too is the infirmary, isolated and opening out from the garden at the rear. And the garden! At the side there are vegetables beautifully cared for by Sister Julie and her helper (who also do the cooking and have the kitchen in charge), but in the rear there are roses and grapevines and currants and a brook, and at the far end of this garden is a little hillock with a bench on it from which one looks out over what used to be called the "emperor's meadow," a big plot of land which Miss Jehlicka longs to join to the orphanage property. We return by the brookside to the spring and a terrace beside the court on which is the orphanage grave. Yes, "*the grave!*" A good big one it is all covered with ivy and on a tablet set into the wall at the side is engraved the following, "Consider the ravens,—consider the lilies—be not therefore anxious, but seek ye first the kingdom." Yes, this is where the orphanage has buried all its care and anxiety. "He will take care of you," they sing, and in a wonderful way God has cared for them.

"Come up into my room," says Miss Jehlicka. Smilingly she

calls attention to the fact that if she cared to work nights she has all things handy. Here is her bed and hard by it her desk and she tells how President Masaryk once had a bed in his study so that he could work nights. And now in the palace he has put in a petition for a private stairway that will connect his bed room with his study.

"I think I shall have to learn the clock makers' trade," said she, "so that I can repair clocks. A while ago all the clocks in the place went differently, each from every other one, but now I have them so they run pretty nearly alike." The bell for meals and for family prayers sounds out from the administration building. At my request she showed me a bill of fare made out for the month. As always, here in the country, there was soup for dinner, and then potatoes or "knedliky" (hard dumplings) or millet, beans, peas, rice, of late, but little meat, black bread and coffee. "We eat what we have," said she. At Christmas they longed to have meat of some kind for all the children and a big goose received seemed to fill the bill but not quite, for how could one goose furnish a portion for each one of fifty people? That was the problem and the cook was promised a medal if she could solve it, but fortunately another friend sent in the legs and back of another goose and each child had goose for his Christmas dinner!

Reminiscing, Miss Jehlicka tells of experiences in building, moving and settling, and the first formal act of the new Chvaly-wirl Republic, says she, was a vote to buy new brooms. "For some time," she adds, "I have been trying to think how to teach the children politeness and courtesy in a pleasant way which would appeal to them, and at length I have hit on it." Carefully undoing a long, thin, white package, she brings forth two long pieces of card board, on each of which is painted a flourishing stalk of sunflower, the stalk surmounted by a golden brown velvet cushion circled with orange gold petals. "Now, you know the sunflower is a courteous plant," said she, "it bows its head to the sun." And removing one of the petals by the pin which fastened it to the brown velvety cushion, she explains that as fast as the

children manifest, act out, the virtues of courtesy, this act is to be written on the back of one of the petals, as for instance, quiet, reverent attention at family prayers or in meeting, thanking for favors received, greetings, politeness to guests, giving others precedence when passing through a door, carrying things for people. Each house or family is to have its sunflower in a conspicuous place in the big living room and if the children are abounding in acts of courtesy, their sunflower will have many petals, otherwise they will be few and scattering, a patent reproach, and there is always friendly competition between the two families in the rose and the lily house. I am interested to know how this experiment will succeed. The children seem to me courteous as it is.

In a big box the orphanage bank is kept, for each child receives a trifling sum for good marks in school, and from his own money buys pencils and school notebooks, of which necessities a supply is always kept on hand so that the children may buy at home.

In Miss Jehlicka's room, four times a week, the deaconess and the girl caretakers meet for a half hour of Bible study and prayer, and these are blessed seasons, most helpful for maintaining the *esprit de corps* of the working personnel. Out of this little room go streams of blessing to the world outside.

There still remains of my visit to Chvaly the supper with the roses followed by evening prayers and the roll call, at which each child gives in his school report for the day. I wondered if a few answers meant black marks instead of stars against the names in the list hung up at the end of the cupboard, stars which used to mean a bit of chocolate at the end of the week; when chocolate was more plenty than it is now. And do you notice the shelf of neatly piled caps guarded by the likeness of a doughty little dog—to see that that shelf is kept in order? Our big son Livingstone's old football, now "as good as new" with its new inflated rubber interior, is presented to the delighted youngsters with the expressed hope that, as the great, original Livingstone was ever kind and courteous in his treatment of the people of Africa, so shall they be in their treatment of each other, and the

ball shall help them to get strong so as valiantly to serve the world as did he.

There is an unusual night's rest in the sweet, fresh Chvaly air. The rising bell sounds at six and there is quick work to be ready for community prayers at 6.30. Can you imagine those children all together in the white house living room? "We will sing—" announces Miss Jehlicka, and as they did last night they sing on and on, one, two, three, four, five, six verses. "And now we will skip to the tenth," says Miss Jehlicka. "Do you know other hymns from memory like that?" I inquire in rather breathless surprise, and am shown a list made out for the month like a food menu card, so that they would sing alike in both houses. The children have Bibles and read in turn.

After breakfast, in spite of the continuation of yesterday's weather, dark, lowering clouds with drops of rain, I try to take a few snapshots, and then it is time to take my umbrella and camera and "night gown" and say good-bye to Chvaly. "S Panem Bohem! S Panem Bohem!" Even the dog says good-bye! And I leave understanding even better than before why Chvaly has such a warm place in the hearts of all our people.



Their First Glimpse of an Automobile. Miss Jehlicka (with black apron) at left.



## On Tour and at Home in the Philippines

By Anna Isabel Fox, Cagayan

THE peace of a rather quiet, cloudy, Sunday afternoon is reigning over the dormitory. That means that some of the girls are trying to play on the baby organ, and that the rest are singing over some parts of the morning's anthem in about three different keys, and that there is much giggling. However, such is life in a house full of girls.

It all seems so good to me, for I returned only last Tuesday from my first evangelistic tour. And home is always a good place to a returning wanderer. The only thing is that home is lonely, for Florence is still away. We both went at the same time and on the same boat, only I landed at the first stop, Yligan, and she went on to Dumaguete. My going had long been planned, but Florence's was a sudden decision. She took six months' old Frank Woodward to the Presbyterian Hospital at Dumaguete, for stubborn skin trouble that had defied all care for two months. She has been gone nearly three weeks and we do not know when she and the baby will return, not until he is well, however. How nice it will be when we have a hospital and a doctor here! We hope it will not be long. Florence has a number of cases of different kinds, and since I have returned, they have come to me for help, and I know so little. I have done what I could, but that is not much, for my knowledge is of the most simple kind.



Florence Fox with Missionary Baby.

Well, I started to tell about my trip, and I seem to be a long time getting to it. I went to Momungan, about eighteen kilometers from the Coast, just half way up the mountain to Camp Keithley where we spend the very hottest weeks. Momungan is called the American colony. Most of the men are Americans who are married to Filipina wives, and there are many children.

Last summer through Mr. Woodward's work, there was a decided turning to Christ, and despite their poverty, for they are desperately poor, the locusts having repeatedly eaten up their crops, they built a little church of planks, with a thatch of cogon grass. They have no one to guide and teach them as they ought to have, and have been taking turns in leading meetings. They have been begging Mr. Woodward to come to them and help them for a little while. He could not go at this time and so it was planned that I should go. I took one of my Bible School girls with me and we found a warm welcome in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ghent. Mr. Ghent was won from a life of drunkenness two years ago, and the transformation of the man is nothing short of marvellous,—a living proof of the saving power of our Lord in these days. His hard-working little wife, too, has found Christ her greatest Friend, and our stay in their new five-room plank house was a blessed experience. All the six older children offer prayer at the family altar, and each member of the family has his or her own private prayer time. And there is peace and harmony in that crowded little house such as is rarely found even in the homeland.

All the colony is not like this, however, and for the next two weeks we had a busy time. We visited in the morning, and studied and rested in the afternoon. In the evening there were two meetings, one at five for the children and one at seven for the adults. These were fairly well attended. We studied the Gospel of Mark and all seemed to enjoy it. There were several prayer meetings, two at different homes. Everyone was so cordial, and they would have liked to have us stay indefinitely. We could have been guests in several homes for the whole time. But aside from several meals out, we stayed at the Ghents.

It is a farming colony and the houses are far apart, and we walked miles and miles to get around to all the places. Momungan is a wilderness of tall tigboa grass just now. Any field that lies idle becomes overgrown in a very short time with this heavy, coarse grass. Now it is in bloom and is beautiful to behold with the tall, silvery, purple plumes waving in the wind. The height of them is from six to twelve feet, and one feels completely shut in when following the little trails between these green and silver walls.

One can feel the Spirit of Christ working there. A year ago, they all seemed such a hopeless, discontented group of people, and while all is not harmony and content even yet, the leaven is working and we have hopes that it will some time be a truly Christian brotherhood.

One night, at one of the meetings, the Hammett family begged so hard that I would spend some time in their home that at last I consented to go and spend the night there. They live a long way from the church and their family carriage is a springless, two-wheeled cart drawn by an Indian bull, and it was most jolty over the rough road. They have but one room in their house, but a curtain was hung around the best bed. They asked that I would read and explain some part of the Bible to them, and I did so. Then we all had prayer together and it was midnight when I rolled into my bed. "Into" is the correct word, for that bed had a solid floor of boards where springs were not, the thin cotton mattress had long since lost any softness whatever, and the pillows were hard, round bolsters of cotton,—still, I slept. One can sleep anywhere if one is tired enough. Even so, my own bed, which was a canvas army cot, at the Ghents, with my own little feather pillow, felt like a feather bed the next night. I loved the spirit in which it was all done at the Hammett house. There was no apology for anything, they graciously offered their best and I accepted it and enjoyed it all.

Two men in the colony are negroes—the genuine negro of the South of our own dear land. The first time one of them prayed



The Children in the Midst.

in meeting, I thought I was attending a Maryland camp meeting, listening to the groans and later the ecstatic singsong of the prayer. The children of these two families show little of the Filipino characteristics of the mothers. It seems to be completely lost. They are real little negroes, too.

One night at prayer meeting, I had used one of Dr. White's favorite subjects, "Prayer is Work, Prayer Works, Prayer Leads to Work." It seemed to open the eyes of most of them. They had thought that simple petition was all that prayer was. The idea of working to help one's prayer to be answered was a wholly new idea. There came a day in the Ghent household when food was low and there was no money to buy more. I had not realized this or they need not have been brought to such a pass while we were there. But while we were at church, the mother gathered her little ones about her and they all prayed that in some way food would be found. On the way home from church Mr. Ghent said that he was going to take his gun and go hunting. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and he had not been gone half an hour when his shot rang out and in a few minutes more he whistled for the boys. In such a short time he had killed a splendid wild pig, and there was meat and to spare. He remarked afterwards, "That was prayer with work, and it was a prayer that worked, for surely the Lord sent that fine piece of meat right within my reach so soon."

One day and a half, I spent with the Spencers at Camp Keithly. They have opened a dormitory there for Moro girls in

connection with the public school. It was most interesting. The thirteen little brown girls, with hair neatly braided and little white shirts and "*sarongs*" all clean, were so dear. I admired their white teeth. They had all come with black teeth according to the Moro custom, but they are fast learning the ways of civilization, and are all proud of their white teeth now. Their little beds are made up with sheets and blanket and white spread. But the thing that makes me feel badly is that they may be taught no religion at all. This is the only condition on which their parents will consent to their being sent to school. It does seem too bad that they may not know the love of Christ, but instead they must still be followers of Mohammed who valued women so little. Still it is a step upward that they are permitted to be educated at all. In the course of the years, the opening for Christianity may come too. I hope that all my tours may be as happy and as helpful as this one has been. It has helped me, and I am sure that it has helped some others, too.

Our household of girls has grown quieter, and perhaps in a few months more several will be ready to confess Christ. They have been a hard group to train and it is a relief to have them peaceful and more agreeable to rule and order. They were such a wild set. The servants, too, have been hard to get and hard to keep, and have given us several exciting times.

My greatest joy is my little Bible School. Two of the girls are doing splendid work and a third is working to the extent of her ability. They have their ups and downs too, but in time will make fine Bible women. They are all teaching village Sunday schools and are helping in women's meetings.

Since coming home from Momungan, I opened a class for women and girls in Lapasan. Have been pleased with the result. There are a dozen young girls, but also several young men and some young boys. Three homes were opened to the class and we chose the most central one, belonging to a dear old lady. In time we hope to have a church there, and I think it would be easy to make one grow. I also opened another women's class on Thurs-

days in Lievan. This one has only a half dozen women, but they are regular and attentive.



House Used for Bible School at Cagayan.

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## Two Missionaries Called Home

Miss Anstice Abbott, who died in England in November, was for a number of years associated with the Marathi Mission and was the founder of the Home for Widows in Bombay now under the care of Mrs. Sibley at Wai. After withdrawing from active work in India because of ill health she did valuable service as a translator and also a writer of English books, which picture vividly Indian life, such as "The Stolen Bridegroom" and "Indian Idylls."

Mrs. George Allchin, who has been for many years a missionary of the American Board, died at the home of a married daughter in New York City, December 30. Mr. and Mrs. Allchin joined the Japan Mission in 1882 and have been engaged in the evangelistic work at Osaka until recently. Mrs. Allchin's failing health made it impossible for them to return at the end of their furlough. She is survived by her husband and five children to whom we extend our sincere sympathy in their sorrow.

## India's Developing Self-Realization

By M. Pauline Jeffery

### II. FORCES FROM WITHOUT

**W**HILE four great world powers sit in Washington discussing affairs of international import, mapping out a program which would bear promise of the dawn of a new relationship between the nations, India has been attempting to unite Hindu and Moslem, Brahmin and non-Brahmin sentiment by focusing antipathy on a foreign race. For five centuries the foreigner has played no small part in Indian life—levelling the people by educating the lower classes, as well as the higher, and gradually impressing upon the Indians another type of social organization than that of caste law, so characteristic of Indian life.

We recall that it is no new law in the social sciences that hostile forces,—such as Hindu and Mohammedan, Brahmin and non-Brahmin,—may unite in the face of a common power or foe, just as members of a family may cultivate an exceptional sense of family loyalty in the face of an outside intruder, whereas, normally those same individuals are capable of producing a “house divided against itself.” But in the long run the degree of family integrity cannot be measured by the boast presented to the outsider; it will depend rather on the harmony of the several members within the family circle.

The vitality of India's national life will not depend on the ease with which Hindu and Moslem, Brahmin and non-Brahmin, or Brahmin and Sudran boast of a national consciousness; it will depend rather on the actual melting of caste distinctions, on the respect for the rights of each individual personality, and on the wisdom with which India chooses the wheat from the tares in both East and West. Japan tried the policy of foreign exclusion and reaped the fruit of it with regrets. India is attempting the same experiment; while Japan has come to the point of seizing on all she can learn from the West along political, industrial, educa-

tional, medical and even to some extent along religious lines, India is struggling to decide whether to adopt a policy of exclusion of all such foreign influences.

But it is worth while considering just how far this stand which India is taking is a beneficial step towards the rise of her own self-consciousness and self-realization, and just how far it is a negative sacrifice of values which pertain to her best development. In considering this question, we must bear in mind that the most *orderly* government of a household or a nation may not be a promoter of the highest type of personality; Germany could boast of a rigid and almost mechanical authority in her autocratic government, but even she herself doesn't seem to be hastening to restore an organization which was so effective in blighting the development of personality. A nation may be in the act of laying aside her best material benefits, and yet, like the adolescent youth, may be in the act of striking out towards a new level of independence of soul, a new self-consciousness. It is in this thought that many real lovers of India seek for a ray of hope in spite of the almost blind resentment in the minds of many Indians today against all western influences. Of equal importance is the practical question of what the attitude of the westerner shall be toward the present day situation in India.

As someone has already remarked, any words passed on the political situation in India today will be out of date before the article is off the press. Even American papers find room for Indian political affairs on their front pages. It is of course the biggest feature of the non-co-operation scheme. One is indeed forced to marvel at the attempted co-operation among "non-co-operationists"! For instance, what sane person would have predicted an alliance between Mahatma Gandhi, a non-resistant fighter, and the Ali Brothers of the Crescent Faith, bent on advancing the "religion of the sword"? Some of the very same Indians who have so eagerly sought home rule for India have, in years past, declared the Mohammedans are to blame for the restricted life of Hindu women. The Moslem reign of terror in



Indian history is said to mark the beginning of the purdah and zenana life for Hindu women, and it is the boast of many Hindu men that their women used to enjoy social and political equality with men before the Moslem rule in India. The recent Malabar uprisings, and the riotings in other parts of India in which the Moslem has taken aggressive measures, seems to give us no assurance that in their minds, at least, home rule doesn't mean a reversion to Moslem rule with all its accompanying terrors.

America has recently been busy filling out enormous orders for hand looms to be sent to India. Paradoxical as it may seem to have Indians send to America for foreign looms to help the non-co-operationist in his warfare against foreign machinery, this order is classed among the attempts of the Indians to cast off western influences, including the advantages attained during "the scientific age." That this is not the sentiment of all India's leaders today was shown by Tagore in a challenge he made to the West to share her material progress with the East "in its weakness, lest that weakness rise up and become a menace to the West." But the British Government has generously published approval of the introduction of hand looms in India, since, it says, this will afford employment to hundreds of poverty stricken villagers who are out of employment a good part of the year.

Another phase of the non-co-operationists' program has been the abandonment of all western education, even to the extent of withdrawing from schools and colleges already established in India. Tagore, in a lecture delivered in the Madura College, in South India, deplored the fact that English is being made the universal language of India, instead of some one of India's own mother languages. He spared no criticism of India's servitude to the western educational machine, which he considered primarily devoted to turning out tools for civil service in India. But, on the other hand, when a crowd of young students approached him during the Swadeshi movement in Bengal, offering to leave their books and schools immediately if he could only order them to withdraw, Tagore flatly refused to give such an order, and in

defense of his position, he said, "The anarchy of a mere emptiness never tempts me, even when it is resorted to as a temporary measure. . . . I could not lightly take upon myself the tremendous responsibility of a mere negative programme for them which would uproot their life from its soil, however thin and poor that soil might be. The great injury and injustice which had been done to those boys who were tempted away from their career before any real provision was made could never be made good to them. . . . It hurts me deeply when the cry of rejection rings loud against the West in my country, with the clamor that the western education can only injure us. It cannot be true."

(To be Concluded)

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## Editorials

Dr. Rose Beals writes:

"It is hard to over emphasize our crying need for an American nurse to supervise that side of the work. We don't like to talk about the needs of the work. The world is surfeited with "crying needs" these days on every hand and in every corner. But we do earnestly hope this need may some way reach the ears of some well trained nurse with a heart and a body ready for the task, and free to come. Can't some of you help to locate her? The overcrowded hospital, the limitation of our Indian staff at their best, and the serious surgical work that makes up so large a part of the hospital's responsibility, all make the lack of any

Help for Wai.

real nursing head a tremendous handicap. . . . It is no adventure in romance that awaits her. It can't be put over with starched cap and uniform. They will be in place, but grit will go farther."

It is a joy to announce that the W. B. M. P. has found the one they think prepared for this position, Miss Maud Taylor, and it is expected she can soon sail for India.

Our next call is for one like her to co-operate with Dr. Alma Cooke at Lintsing, China.

A native of Foochow, and a graduate of one of our foremost kindergarten training schools in America, Mrs. Ding, has taken charge of the Union Kindergarten Training School during the absence of Miss Bertha Allen on furlough. Speaking of the situation, Mrs.

At Foochow.

Beach says: "This seems to be a very wonderful leading from our Heavenly Father, who knows all things from the beginning, for Mrs. Ding has proved herself to be a fine teacher as well as a splendid influence among the girls. . . . Miss Phillips, only seven months in Foochow, will stand right with Mrs. Ding in shouldering the responsibilities of the school, and will teach the courses Miss Lacy had been presenting, through Mrs. Ding as an interpreter."

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## Encouraging Words from Brousa

By Edith F. Parsons

As usual, the October letter suffers from lack of vacation time, but I think I can manage to get off something to let you know how we are and how the school is going on. First, we are much increased in numbers as regards boarding pupils, nearly sixty at present, which makes a big house family, though for some reason our day pupils over here at Kaya-Bashi are not quite so many as last year, at least so far. People have come in very lingeringly though, so I suppose they are going on coming, which makes it rather hard about classes. One reason for delay is that so many of them have had such a time scraping together the money to

come. We really have never had so many appeals for beneficiaries, I think, which may seem strange. One thing is that during the war and the exile it was simply flatly impossible for so many, where now with a little help they could come. Then since last winter we have had so many refugees in Brousa, and their girls want to come. Before, either there was no travelling across the lines from the villages, or sometimes the families are now going back and want to leave the girls here with us. So in one way and another we have had a great many appeals in addition to the N. E. R. orphanage girls that came to us two years ago and have planned out our funds to go as far as possible. We are using all the rooms for dormitories that we had for that purpose the year before the war, except the large room in our own house which has been and is being used by our matron and French teacher and her daughter.

Then we are at last, thanks to the misfortunes of another station, a larger force of Americans. We have two of the Marsovan ladies here with us, Miss Hinman, the one who came out on the immortal "Canada" with me, and who was here for about a month before school closed, and Miss Noyes, who was the head nurse for the Marsovan hospital. As there seems to be no prospect of Marsovan being fully occupied this school year, we are likely to have them with us till next June, which we certainly do appreciate. As you can imagine, we have found plenty for them to do, Miss Hinman in the regular teaching and Miss Noyes at last filling in the very empty place of a school nurse. We have kept her busy, too, for one of our new boarders developed a case of typhoid the day school opened and later, how we can not imagine, one of our other boarders came down with it. There, I am thankful to say, the trouble seems to have been stopped and both children are getting better. We are very, very thankful to have her here, only it will be so hard to get used to not having an American nurse after we are used to having one. You see we are not where there is any medical mission plant and it makes a lot of responsibility with all the children.

I think the next thing to record is that we have been able to renew some of the plumbing and put in a new tile floor in the school kitchen with the repair money that was sent us. We have also fixed up broken windows and chairs and tables so that we really look in much better shape, and then we have added to the place where the clothes are dried so that the laundry arrangements are much better.

We are doing all the things we have done before: the regular classes, and this year we have a senior class, the school self-government committee is elected and working, the Y. W. C. A. is going on, the Wednesday walks, and the Saturday evening games, etc., etc. This year also I go over to the Set-Bashi School twice a week, and have two conversation classes and a geographic reader there. Here I have senior Bible, English and history, a grammar class, another geographic reader, and I manage one period of writing and have one girl I am catching up in English. It does not sound like so very much, but the history takes a good deal of time, as we are short of text books, and I thought it would be a good plan for them to learn to take notes anyway, so I am doing it mainly by "lectures." Then there is the house-work program, and the music lesson and practice program, and the program for rhetorical to arrange, and a Sunday afternoon Bible class, beside the regular school Bible class, so that altogether the time really is full. We are just finishing with some of the Jewish festivals, the New Year's, and the Feast of Tabernacles, so we have been calling on our Jewish girls, and at one or the other feast have managed to get to all those that are not new pupils this year. Calling is a problem when you consider that school lasts till a quarter to four, following which we have teachers' afternoon tea, and during most of the winter and fall that is about all the time that is day.

Politics we really have none to report. The town is full of soldiers, but of course we are no longer just behind the lines. Instead we are a sort of transportation headquarters, with unlimited numbers of automobiles and camions going through.

Some of last year's refugees have gone to their homes, and some have not. On the whole there seems every probability of an indefinite extent of "*in statu quo.*"

One thing we feel happiest about is that we see so many little evidences of real growth in character among our girls. Some that were really a problem among last year's new girls are so helpful and orderly, so really in line with the spirit and aims of the school it is a great comfort. Some are newly taking responsibilities and doing it so nicely and so well. Our orphanage girls, nearly every one, are turning out very well, and our senior class is a great joy and satisfaction. The next class, who are sophomores, for we did not have anybody who fitted in between when we made up the classes, is coming on and beginning to take responsibilities nicely.

This is pretty much an all school letter, but it is pretty much an all school time of year, for one thing, and of course it is a censored letter for another, so I think it will have to go without getting any longer. I must not close, however, without saying how very, very grateful we all are to feel that the financial crisis of the American Board has been so wonderfully and beautifully met, and it strengthens our faith in God's purpose for our work, and in your purpose for our work.

## Field Correspondents

Miss Isabelle Phelps of Paotingfu writes from Taikuhsien, Shansi:

It was good to hear of the various people who are interested in supporting the evangelistic work in Paotingfu. Mrs. Hsi is one of our choicest Bible women. This year we are putting with her a younger, inexperienced woman whom we wish to try out to see whether or not she is capable of making a good Bible woman. We chose Mrs. Hsi for this young woman's senior colleague because we felt that Mrs. Hsi would give her such good training and set her such a good example. Mrs. Hsi gave herself whole-

heartedly to famine relief work during the past year, acting as matron in the large classes for girls gathered in her territory to learn hair net making. These classes each lasted at least a month, there being from fifty to a hundred and twenty girls in a class. Mrs. Hsi looked after the general welfare of the girls, held a daily evening meeting for them, and taught each girl the national phonetic script for an hour a day, dividing the class into several groups for this purpose. The teaching of this script was by means of several church leaflets, containing the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, etc., so that each girl received a good deal of valuable teaching from the things she learned to read. We provided New Testament portions for those who read through the leaflets. I do not doubt that Mrs. Hsi was able to lead many women and girls to Christ in connection with this work.

All our Bible women gave themselves loyally as Christians and as patriots to the work of famine relief all last winter and spring, working in hair net classes or as matrons in charge of refugees. I am proud of their record. Now the great task before us is to lead on into an ever deeper Christian experience the many hundreds who have already become interested in the Truth and desire to know more about it. I am expecting large spiritual results from all the special effort of last year.

You will be surprised at my writing this letter from our American Board Mission station at Taikuhsien, when naturally I should be back in Paotingfu hard at work. I surely am sorry not to be, but the doctor and everyone else thought it wiser to stay on here a while longer until I get rid of the sciatica pain. I had to make such a heavy physical contribution to famine relief last season that I didn't have time to get well myself, and my colleagues think I had better do so now, while Miss Breck is in Paotingfu to take the brunt of the work, rather than to try and struggle along with daily pain another year. I am in better shape than when I came here, I think, and I do hope you will pray that I may soon be really well and able to go back to the work that so much needs to be done and that I am eager to do.

Miss Annie S. Kentfield of Diongloh, Foochow, writes about the Abbie B. Child School:

The Abbie B. Child School has prospered, increasing in numbers during the last five years from twenty-nine to sixty-two. The increase in the number of students seems to be one instance of the great demand for the education of girls all over China, a part of the Chinese Renaissance Movement. Someone has said that girls' education is becoming a fad in Foochow and the same thing will soon be true in the country places. It makes us face the future of our school seriously. I can say without any boasting that our school is the only one in a county of 500,000 people where girls can get a grammar school education under wholesome conditions. But we cannot grow, we cannot meet the demand made upon us, in our present buildings. I believe that if we could build our new building, for which part of the fund is already in hand, that we could have 200 girls very soon and could continue to lead in girls' education. This year several day pupils are coming from the best families in the city and a suitable building would draw more from that class. We are hoping to purchase land this fall and trust to our many friends to make the building a reality.

Perhaps the most thrilling experience of the year was helping to rescue a kidnapped girl. She had returned to her home in a country village after the close of school, when one night thirty men, armed with knives and clubs, came and carried her off. The brother came at once for my help and together with a Chinese teacher of some influence I spent a day negotiating a treaty between the family of the girl and the family of her fiance where she was held captive. The captor's plea was that the girl was old enough to be married and they were afraid that if she went to school any more she would not want to marry the boy. There is some truth in this as the boy is an illiterate heathen and the girl a fine Christian girl nearly through grammar school. The engagement had been made when the children were infants. After much persuasion both sides agreed that the girl should go home at once, go back to school until graduation next January, and then have a Christian wedding in the church.



Prayer  
at Noontide



Encircling  
the Earth

## Exhibit "A"

How One Treasurer of a Missionary Society Got Her  
Message Across

By Katherine Thaxter

7 Excelsior Road, Hopeville.

My dear Lucy

You know that I am that sometimes unhappy person who tries to collect the money that our Woman's Missionary Society stands pledged to secure in order that our Board may be able to carry on its work in foreign lands. I thought you might be interested in one of my recent experiences for I know you sometimes have the same things to face.

One day last week I was out trying to collect money and pledges, for we had just received our apportionment for this year and it was higher than ever. Goodness knows, I didn't want to do it again, for after all our work and after having the money in sight, as we thought, we didn't quite make up our amount this past year. Some of the people who had promised forgot to pay and some left town, and some took trips or built houses and didn't have enough money left to pay their missionary pledges. However, it seemed to be my missionary "bit," so I went at it.

But I surely did have hard luck! You see, so few realize that it takes a lot of money to run the missionary enterprise because it is helping millions of people all over the world. Most people think of missions in terms of nickels and dimes and quarters. Now that's all right, if they think of everything else in the same terms and don't have very much money at their disposal. But it's the people who give tens and twenty-fives and fifties of dollars to everything else and give the little sums to missions that keep us back. There is no trouble with the little giver. She will give

her bit and give it regularly and I tell you those are the people who keep up my courage.

Well, that day I saw ten people. Two were cheerful givers, and I said "God bless you" in my heart when I took their tiny pledges. Three others eyed me coldly, but politely. You know sometimes I'd be rather glad if they wouldn't be so terribly polite. It might give me an excuse for saying some of the things that tremble on my tongue to be said, if they were a little hateful. But then it's good for me not to be able to indulge my baser self. These polite people never refuse outright, but they give me such a little, little sum for this great big work that I don't have to open my purse very wide to receive it, and the worst of it is I can't go to them for anything more for a whole year, and dear me! so many extra needs can arise in that time. One woman who is so rich that she never can possibly use all she has was "so sorry, but she had cut her missionary contribution in half this year, for her taxes were so heavy she had to economize somewhere"! So she began on the heathen,—they were so far away! Two dear ladies took the sting out of this by increasing their generous gifts a little because they felt the pressing needs. Two women who could easily pay the whole salary of a missionary, if they would, refused to give a penny. They didn't believe in foreign missions. The community-chest for local work had just made such a demand on their pocketbooks and they couldn't stand another assault.

I was feeling decidedly blue when I suddenly spied Helen Starr's name on my list. Now, thought I, I need to be cheered up so I'll call on Helen. Her husband has made lots of money this year and though she never gives much for missions I know she is naturally generous. But alas, it was not a fair day for missions. Helen was charming about it, she was really worse than the polite ladies, for she turned the screw with a smile. She would give me her usual subscription, no more, no less; her bills had been outrageous this last month, she had so many outside calls on her, living was fearfully high still—and she wrote her name down firmly for her usual pledge. I took it meekly and went home crushed. At first, I thought I'd go to my room and

have a good cry—why not? I was a failure and the whole cause of foreign missions was doomed to failure if it depended on our society. But I dropped into a handy chair on the porch and picked up the evening paper. I could cry later, I'd probably have plenty of good chances. But I never did have that cry, for something I saw in that paper roused all my fighting blood and I went into the house to do some figuring at my desk. For the item I had seen in the paper was that Mrs. Roderick Starr, the same Helen I had seen an hour ago, had entertained at a luncheon the day before, ten covers. I knew Helen's luncheons. I had been at more than one. That night I dropped her a sheet of paper with this on it:

"Helen Starr, in account for luncheon for ten people who didn't really need it:

Decorations .....	\$5.00
Service of extra maid.....	3.00
Food, etc.....	17.00

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Total ..... \$25.00

*The high cost of entertaining one's friends.*

Helen Starr, in account for missionary contribution for millions who need everything, especially Christ:

One year's pledge, twenty-five cents a month. Total for year, \$3.00.

*The low cost of missions, less than a cent a day."*

And I signed my name.

The next day I got a reply. Helen and I are good friends or perhaps I would not have dared. This is what she said: "You win! At first I said, 'I like her nerve,' and then I laughed and then I cried, for I had seen the point."

There was a generous check enclosed, so big it sent warm thrills all through me. Since then, "Are we down-hearted?" I should say *not!* If Helen can be shown, so can others, and part of our task will have to be *education*.

Your aspiring friend, Patience Work.

—*Courtesy of Women's Work.*

## Junior Department

### More News About the Contest

The time for beginning the contest has now passed and entrance is possible for any club of girls as was stated in the previous issue of this magazine. Be sure to send for further information and for the leaflet giving full details regarding the contest. We are sorry to have to announce that an error was made in last month's issue regarding the awards. The correct statement of awards is as follows:—

1. The girl winning the highest number of points in the individual contest will be given her expenses at Aloha Camp, Northfield, in July, 1923—that is, the summer following the close of the contest, which is September, 1922.

2. To the society winning the highest number of points, expenses will be given for at least one delegate to the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions and Girls' Banquet held in connection with it in November 1922. The Annual Meeting will be held in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in the Berkshire Hills. The girls who attended the Jubilee of the Woman's Board as delegates from girls' clubs all remember the good time they had there. An equally good time is promised at Pittsfield. If the winning club should be from the immediate vicinity of Pittsfield, some other award will be considered by the committee.

As stated last month, further notice regarding the reading contest awards will be made in this column a little later.

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## What the World Owes to Foreign Missionaries

By Herbert W. Gates

Christian Endeavor Prayer-Meeting Topic January 29, 1922. Matt. 28 : 16-20.

*Note:*—Below is the material prepared by the Congregational Education Society for use in connection with the Christian Endeavor missionary topic for January 29th. If, as is possible, this magazine reaches you too late to be of use on that occasion, it may be that the material here included can be taken up in connection with some one of your February topics, any one of which might be given a missionary message.

The contributions of foreign missionaries to the welfare of mankind are almost as numerous as are the phases of human

activity. Note some of the departments of life in which the missionary has been a leader.

1. *Education.* The ministry of teaching has always been prominent on the mission field, but now more than ever. We now see that our greatest task is to train the native preacher or teacher to lead his own people. Our own American Board is one of the greatest educational institutions in the world, with 16 colleges, 100 academies, 1200 lower schools and 60,000 students.

2. *Health and Sanitation.* Like the Master himself, the modern missionary is met by the appeal of suffering and responds to it. The medical missionary, the nurse, the mission hospital stand today as the clearest evidence of unselfish service and have won their way into many an otherwise hostile community.

3. *Economic Conditions.* The contributions here are many. The old world is crowding into a few years industrial development that has occupied generations in the West. The attendant evils are strongly marked and the influence of Christianity in bettering conditions has been very great. Poverty has been a foe almost as great as disease. Men like Sam Higginbottom in India, Cyrus Hamlin in Turkey, and many others are fighting it by teaching the people how to cultivate their fields and run their industries more profitably. In addition to this is the fact that industry and manhood go hand in hand as is so clearly seen in Africa.

4. *Philanthropy.* Since the day of the Good Samaritan, Christian institutions have been the wayside inn of refuge for the destitute and afflicted. We are accustomed to the Red Cross, charitable organizations and the like, but they are not known except where Christian influence has entered.

5. *Social Reform.* The contributions that may be classed under this head are almost too numerous to mention. We do not know very much about a state of affairs in which wives and mothers are counted little, if any, better than beasts and live in virtual slavery. And what do we know of a childhood of fear in which to know a god or gods is but to dread them. Contrast this with the happiness that is coming to the little ones in the kindergartens and schools of our mission stations, the new outlook for women

in nearly every country of the old world, and the new respect with which she is treated wherever Christianity enters.

6. *Religious Leadership.* Christianity is the root and the vital principle of all this work. The missionary teaches, heals, trains; not that he may have the chance to preach the Gospel, but because this is the Gospel—the good-news of good-will. The world's problem is fundamentally a religious one and the missionary's greatest service is his demonstration of the better faith.

This topic may be treated in many interesting ways:—(1) discuss the contributions to human welfare under such heads as have been mentioned; (2) debate the question as to whether the direct result of foreign missions (such as have been mentioned here), or the by-products (exploration, discovery, contributions to science, language, literature, etc.) have been of greater value; (3) let a number of members impersonate candidates for the foreign field, each one telling the particular field he intends to enter (doctor, nurse, teacher, industrial expert, etc.) and why.

There is abundant material in the files of the missionary magazines, *The Congregational Survey*, lives of missionaries. *World Friendship, Inc.*, the young people's foreign mission study book for this year, is especially good.

### Summary of Receipts, December 1-31, 1921

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Treasurer.*

Cong'l World Movement	\$2,215.04	New Jersey Branch	\$140.15
Gifts not credited to Branches	1,956.74	Pennsylvania Branch	355.23
Eastern Maine Branch	287.41	Southeast Branch	126.55
Western Maine Branch	1,332.57		
New Hampshire Branch	500.15	Total,	\$25,496.62
Vermont Branch	1,332.25		
Andover and Woburn Branch	914.34		
Barnstable Association	24.00	TOTAL FOR DECEMBER	
Berkshire Branch	1,372.23	Donations	\$20,779.94
Essex North Branch	14.75	Cong'l World Movement	2,215.04
Essex South Branch	100.65	Buildings	979.10
Franklin County Branch	5.87	Specials	1,522.54
Hampshire County Branch	202.80	Legacies	3,100.13
Middlesex Branch	69.41		
Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch	833.45	Total,	\$28,596.75
North Middlesex Branch	145.69		
Old Colony Branch	349.19	TOTAL FROM OCTOBER 18, TO DECEMBER 31, 1921.	
Springfield Branch	43.97	Donations	\$34,796.30
Suffolk Branch	4,398.92	Cong'l World Movement	4,155.77
Worcester County Branch	817.17	Buildings	1,198.10
Rhode Island Branch	450.25	Specials	1,679.85
Eastern Connecticut Branch	707.48	Legacies	4,974.95
Hartford Branch	1,214.15		
New Haven Branch	2,775.63	Total,	\$46,804.97
New York State Branch	2,860.58		



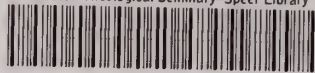
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